



“Come, it’s pleased so far,” thought Alice, and she went on. “Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where ——” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“——so long as I get *somewhere*,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you’re sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you only walk long enough.”

Alice felt that this could not be the answer, so she tried another question. “What is the name of the king about here?”

“In *that* direction,” the Cat said, waving one paw round, “lives a Hatter. In *the* other direction, waving the other paw, “lives a King. It isn’t either you like: they’re all mad here.”

“But I don’t want to go to *any* of them places,” Alice remarked.

“Oh, you ca’n’t help that,” said the Cat. “We’re all mad here. I’m mad.”

“How do you know I’m mad?”

“You must be,” said the Cat. “I’ve seen you here before.”

Alice didn’t think that was a very good answer, so she went on: “And how do you know I’m mad?”

“To begin with,” said the Cat, “your eyes are blue. Mad eyes are always blue. You grant that?”

“I suppose so,” said Alice.

“Well, then,” the Cat went on, “I’ve seen you here before. You growl when it’s angry, and purr when it’s pleased. Now *I* growl when I’m angry, and purr when I’m pleased. My tail goes up and down when I’m angry, and curls up when I’m pleased. You grant that?”

“I call it purring, not growling,” said the Cat.